

Good Morning 506

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

C.I.D. YARD HAS EVERY MOD. CON.

LONDON'S relics of great crimes have been installed in palatial new premises. Such clues as the bitten apple with a murderer's teeth-marks, and the revolver found on Ronald

True, are being shown more sumptuously to the privileged.

From now on, thriller writers who wish to remain in the swim will have to check up on a brand-new atmosphere. The reason lies in the changed skyline of Westminster. Alongside the turrets of Scotland Yard has arisen a gleaming new palace for crime-fighters.

It has cost £200,000. It has taken five years to finish and its ten floors afford the C.I.D. an extra 50,000 square feet of floor space for the war against crime.

Detectives can now examine everything from a charred hair to an underworld informer in unaccustomed spaciousness. The old Scotland Yard was so overcrowded that important records had to be kept in the corridors.

Police chiefs did not possess even the convenience of an internal telephone at their elbow, and the all-encroaching clerical staff had actually pushed the Flying Squad off the premises.

The 1944 G.H.Q. of London's sleuths has been planned with every activity in perfect sequence.

The Flying Squad will have a flying start from the new underground garage.

While waiting for action, police cars will be garaged alongside the radio and telephone information rooms, nerve centre of the modern crime-fighting system.

These rooms in turn are equipped with everything from the latest type teleprinters to

radio photo transmitters to flash the pictures of wanted men to every police force in the country.

Upstairs are new departments which have hitherto been only a dream for detectives.

The map room, for instance, charts every nook and cranny of London's underworld. Maps show at a glance where forged banknotes are being circulated, where the last bad half-crown was passed, and even where the last handbag was snatched in the black-out.

ON THE BEAT.

Criminals generally keep to a beat. On maps on the walls and spread over specially fitted tables, their prowls and time-schedules are tabulated.

Flags show at a glance, for instance, that a snatcher in a western suburb always works at a certain hour in side streets to the left of the main road.

It looks as if a time is coming when the criminal is going to be unable to keep pace with prevention.

If an entry is forced by a gloved criminal at the garden door of a small country house, it is only a matter of minutes before a robot machine in the new Criminal Record Office searches through thousands of cards and flings up a hundred giving details of criminals commonly working in this fashion.

If a woman has been knocked down by a grey-haired man with a scar on his cheek, identification is even more exact.

In the new building they

A few years ago Scotland Yard had no scientific apparatus. Now it's a dream palace of gadgets and devices, says

WEBSTER FAWCETT

have not only a descriptive index, but also some 500,000 finger-prints and dossiers giving the case histories of every crook known to the police.

An intriguing feature is that every known alias is indexed.

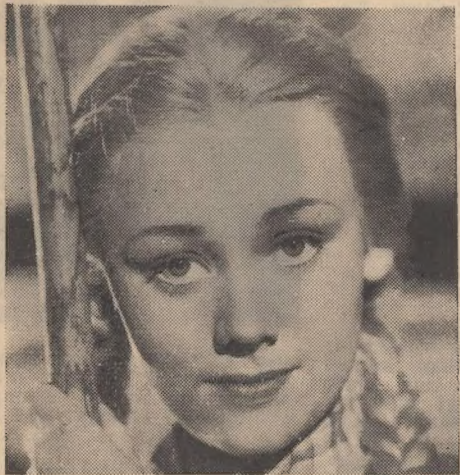
CLOSING THE RECORD. Large quantities of files have been pruned and destroyed in the moving clean-up. Many a wrongdoer who long since resolved to go straight has had his particular skeleton in the cupboard destroyed.

After twenty years, reformation is invariably permanent. Besides, most men turn to the paths of righteousness once they have passed their sixty-fifth birthday.

Seventy experts look after the records in the new building. The hard-pressed photographic staff of police headquarters have new studios on the top floor, where there are television sets, as well as the latest apparatus for high-speed developing and printing.

With lecture halls, a cinema, conference rooms and interview rooms, Scotland Yard sets a new standard in anti-crime completeness.

Yet a few years ago the Yard had no scientific apparatus.



GLYNIS JOHNS



DEBORAH KERR

STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

BOTH of them went to school in Bristol, both studied to be ballet dancers and became straight actresses, both had admired each other and never met. Today these two girls, one aged 23, the other 21, are together in a film for the first time. They are Deborah Kerr and Glynis Johns, playing fellow W.R.N.S. in the new M-G-M British picture "Perfect Strangers."

Deborah, 5 ft. 7 ins. and with red-gold hair, and Glynis, 5 ft. 4 ins., light-brown hair, make a sisterly couple at Denham Studios these days; both spruce and neat in navy rig, each a youngster who has reached stardom in war-time.

Deborah came from Bristol's Northumberland House School, Glynis from Clifton High and both have many mutual friends in that city.

Glynis was a dancer at 12, studied under Adeline Genée, passed her teachers exams and is a qualified teacher of ballet.

Deborah left school at 15 and joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet school until she decided she wanted to act instead of dance.

Glynis won fame at 14 on the stage in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella" and was spotted by film scouts, resulting in her first film role in "South Riding."

Deborah at 18 was "walking-on" at Regent's Park Open-Air Theatre, was seen by Gabriel Pascal in a restaurant and given the part of Jenny, Salvation Army lass in "Major Barbara." He made her recite the Lord's Prayer in her audition for the role.

By Dick Gordon

A recent visitor to this set was Captain Taylor Simmons, U.S. Army, formerly set designer at M.G.M.'s Culver City studio. Simmons, just in from the Pacific, brought news to Donat of the enthusiastic recep-

and "swing" fans, though also possessing classical likings; Grieg and Mozart for Glynis, Bach and Beethoven for Deborah.

Each likes blue in dress colours, reading autobiographies loathes snakes, plays tennis, is not superstitious, and has collecting instincts; books for Deborah, antique jewellery for Glynis.

Both girls are sensible, level-headed types and don't give clever answers before they've formed an opinion.

Glynis' favourite film is "Sullivan's Travels," her ambition is to appear in comedy and revue, her present picture is her eighth. Deborah's favourite is "It Happened One Night," she wants to be "a really good and successful actress" and is now making her seventh film. Glynis is married and lives in a London apartment. Deborah is single and has a cottage at Mayfield, Sussex.

Both of them are stars of the black-out era and have never seen their names in lights. Together they represent the charm of British girlhood in a refreshing straightforward way; useful screen ambassadors when their new film reaches world audiences.

"PERFECT Strangers," by the way, should be good fun.

The emotional climax is set amid the back streets of London's West End by night. Here C.P.O. Robert Donat and Leading W.R.N. Deborah Kerr meet after three years in the Navy, decide on a divorce, celebrate their decision in a pub, and regret it when they emerge into the streets again.

Donat, Kerr, Glynis Johns and Caven Watson debouch from a corner pub, a uniformed quartette, moody, quarrelsome and indecisive. Donat and Watson lean wearily on lamp-posts whilst the girls dart about the street and scream for a cab.

Passing American M.P.s smile at their efforts. Cabs rush rudely by. One does stop, but is quickly off again when the curt driver learns that the hoped-for destination is Streat-

tion accorded "Tartu" by U.S. troops in a jungle cinema.

Ann Todd will play a nurse who supplies the romance in Donat's life whilst he is in the Navy.

A GHOST has occupied a stage at Shepherd's Bush for several days lately for scenes in the Gainsborough film, "A Place of One's Own," starring Margaret Lockwood, James Mason and Barbara Mullen, directed by Bernard Knowles.

The ghost was Ernest Thesiger, who is having a somewhat "disembodied" time of it on stage and screen lately, playing Voltaire in "Crisis in Heaven" at the Lyric Theatre and the only visible ghost in "A Place of One's Own."

In this film Thesiger plays Dr. Marsham, an old doctor whose presence is urgently

sought to attend a dying girl, played by Margaret Lockwood. One night the doctor arrives at the house, goes up into the bedroom, talks to the girl, and leaves.

The next day it is learned that the doctor had actually died some hours before he was supposed to arrive at the house. In order to make this seem logical, if ghosts are ever this, Ernest Thesiger has to bring to his part some unworldly quality which makes the audience feel they are looking at something strange, and realise when they hear the truth that they have been looking at a ghost.

Thesiger says that the best way to impersonate a ghost is to get a kind of unfocused look into your eyes and impart a distant note to your voice. He has specialised for years on stage and screen in murderers and lunatics, and played many weird parts.

His nearest approach to a ghost, however, was in Priestley's play, "Music at Night," in which he appeared as a man who died on the stage; his but-

ler brought him his straw hat, which the "dead man" placed on his head and departed, presumably for heaven!

EVEN in the cinema in Moscow you can't take a holiday from the war, for the new films all have military themes, and the horrors of the battlefield are shown with stark realism.

The much-praised film by Wanda Wassilievska, President of the Union of Poets, deals with the courage of Russian villagers under the German occupation.

In one scene there is an infant shot by a German officer amid the heartbreaking screams of the mother; in another there's a close-up of the death of a small boy riddled with bullets.

The Russians tell you that, since millions of their people lived through such scenes, it's right that all the others should see them and know what sort of enemy they're fighting.

Family is Growing up

Sto. Johnny Webb



YOU seem to have a lot of friends, Sto. Johnny Webb. Your mother says there is always somebody asking after you, including your football pals. They, of course, have started leather picking, and would like to have you booting it along with them.

What do you think of the little group on the Quayside, Ely? Of course, you recognise your home in the background. What a shame we couldn't get all the family together; anyway, they are all well.

Baby Heather, just one year, is getting on fine and getting her sea legs. No long walks yet, of course—in fact, her record to October was exactly four steps.

She can say "Jack" and can pick out your photograph. That is more than she could do when you last saw her.

Felicity asks us to tell you she has a sailor's hat like yours—a proud possession.

Also to be sure to tell you she is going to be a school teacher—unless she changes her mind.

Of course, she is young enough to change her mind many times, as children do.

Your Mother sends her love, and hopes you get her letters; she writes almost every night.

Tommy and Eric have a rubber canoe—great fun for them.

Mick is well and extremely busy. You will understand.

Fishing goes on as usual in the Ouse, and so does the chorus of quacking ducks opposite your home.

Mrs. Gull sends her kind regards.

Sharp message to you from Doreen. "Tell Johnny no more of the Doreen, go home. Mother wants to bath you."

She must be growing up. Her boy friend is in the Merchant Navy. Well! Well!

SIMILAR tastes closely link these two attractive players in the new Donat film. Both are dance and ballet enthusiasts

Raspberries

are our favourite fruit



So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

One Eye... One Arm... ONE LOVE!

MARK PRIESTLY
tells how love
came to
LORD NELSON



IN the days when Europe was at war against a tyrant—and the tyrant was temporarily winning, as they sometimes do—there put into Naples Harbour, with despatches from Lord Hood, a ship captained by one Horatio Nelson.

Emma Hamilton, young wife of the elderly British Ambassador, could not have known that she and Nelson were ever to have starring rank among the world's great lovers. She saw a wiry, excitable, tow-haired little man. He was confronted with a world-famous beauty whom he saw fit to describe to his wife only as "a young woman of amiable manners."

Yet perhaps in his four days as Embassy house guest they both discovered they had much in common.

Behind Nelson's rank lay the rough-diamond heart of a kid from a Norfolk parsonage who had entered the Navy as a ship's boy at the age of 12. Behind Emma's beauty—though she kept the secret—lay the story of a fair-ground girl who became an ambassador's wife.

Both were children of the people, both entangled in loveless marriages. And when Nelson next came to Naples as the man who had defeated Napoleon's fleet in the mouth of the Nile—zing!—love happened!

"Oh, God, is it possible?" cried Emma, when she saw him. It was possible. A man who had lost an arm and an eye, a red-stained bandage about his forehead, the uncontrollable lurch of exhaustion in his walk—but Nelson.

Emma bathed his wounds. Sir William Hamilton—was he discreet or merely silly?—kept out of the way. And zing again! Accordingly you can guess why Nelson enjoyed being officially ordered to remain in the Naples area, although it isn't quite in keeping with modern naval traditions.

When Nelson was ordered to proceed to Minorca, in fact, he

disobeyed—and when he was given instructions to go to Malta he refused with pretexts about Sicily being more important. "As I stay my heart is breaking," he confided to a friend.

He was presently forced to set sail for battles new, but he always returned to the Hamilton home.

And when at last he came back to England, the Hamiltons were with him. Thus, from Yarmouth to London, during a leisurely journey, towns and villages turned out to wave to the conquering hero—and Emma.

Nelson waved back at the crowds, but a struggle must have raged in his heart. His wife—or Emma?

In an hotel in St. James's he met Lady Nelson. They had chosen one another unwisely, and had come at length to the marital cross-roads. The husband said something about dear Lady Hamilton. Cried Lady Nelson, "I am sick of

hearing about dear Lady Hamilton, and I am resolved you must give up either her or me."

"Take care, Fanny, what you say," said Nelson darkly. "I love you sincerely, but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton nor speak of her otherwise than with affection and admiration."

The decision was irrevocable. When Nelson attended the Lord Mayor's banquet, Emma—not his wife—hung on his arm.

One may perhaps feel sorry for Lady Nelson, retired in Bath on a wife's pension. One may feel sorry, too, for Emma and Nelson, caught in the coils of their strange fate. Not very long passed before, while with his fleet at Plymouth, Nelson heard that a child was on the way.

He wrote ecstatically, "I never had a dear pledge of love till you gave me one, and you, thank my God, never gave one to anybody else." When their daughter was

born in the Hamiltons' house on the corner of Piccadilly, the baby was somehow smuggled out and taken to Emma's mother.

The arrival delighted Nelson. When the opportunity came he would marry his Emma. Until then, the lovers had to be content with visits to little Horatia in the country, Lord Nelson sitting for hours on the floor and playing with the baby.

But Lady Hamilton remained a charmer. The King himself paid court to her, and was sent about his business. Nelson at this time was writing letters of insensate jealousy. "Keep my senses. Do not let the rascal in! Do not let the liar come!" he raved.

He could have trusted his Emma. Sir William invited the Admiral to stay under his roof. "What will the world say?" asked Nelson. "Let the world say what it will," answered the old man. "We have a spare room, and Emma will see that you are comfortable."

And so she did. Now that the King had lost interest, Nelson and Emma found themselves outside the pale of society.

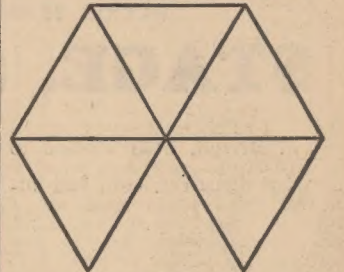
Little they cared, living happily again out at Merton. With ducks and hens clucking about the house, and domesticity clucking within it, life was idyllic. When old Sir William died, it was in the arms of Nelson and Emma.

Yet Nelson never married her. Despised by the world, they delayed—and there came the fatal summons to Trafalgar. One sees Emma crying as



his carriage drives away. The cannon of Trafalgar echo around the world. Strange ending to a strange tale!

TRIANGLE PUZZLE.



Add 3 straight lines (of any length) to this figure, and get 22 triangles. The triangles may be of any size. (Solution in No. 507.)

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 29

1. When Irene said "Drawing," Bert said "Lodging." What word linked these two ideas in Bert's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Kitten, Puppy, Cub, Cat, Foal, Lamb, Gosling.
3. Horses are to hay what cats are to grass, trees, straw, milk, meat, cushion, basket?
4. A family party consisted

of 1 grandfather, 2 fathers, 1 mother, 2 sons, 1 daughter, 2 cousins, 1 grandson, 1 granddaughter, 1 uncle, 1 aunt, 1 daughter-in-law, 1 brother-in-law, and 1 sister-in-law. All the people present were related in the way described. How many were there? (Answer in No. 507.)

Answers to Test No. 28.

1. Some stars are much further away than others. True.
2. Golosh is put on over other footwear; others aren't.
3. (a) No. (b) Yes. (c) No.
4. Twenty-six minutes.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



JOE HULME (England and Arsenal) has been assigned the task of coaching the Spurs back to fame. Joe has laboured six nights a week at White Hart Lane, and already is producing results.

Spurs' recent smashing 4-0 win over the Gunners was due largely to his nursery products. Particularly promising youngsters are centre-forward Ludford and W. E. Walters. Walthamstow Amateurs' product, who, Joe believes, is a natural international successor to Matthews.

Spurs now have one of the youngest forward lines in England. The necessary leavening of experience is in the rear. Pryde, peace-time Blackburn professional, is at centre-half, and in goal is Hughes, of Huddersfield.

Meanwhile, an old Spurs servant is staggering fans up Bolton way. Eight years ago George Hunt, former England centre, was thought to have had his day. After a serious illness he scored five goals in Wanderers' trial a short time ago.

ONE-THIRD of this country's pre-war radio audience has been lost because of a famine of radio sets. More than 3,000,000 homes need new radio sets, according to the British Radio Equipment Manufacturers' Association.

Some of the sets have died of old age, some are out of commission because many spare parts are unobtainable in war-time; and more than 1,000,000 sets are required by newcomers to radio.

Despite this famine, the public is boycotting the Government's 250,000 utility sets, fearing they will be out of date as soon as the war ends. They will not.

An executive of Murphy Radio told me: "At least one and possibly two years will elapse before the present deficit of domestic sets can be made up."

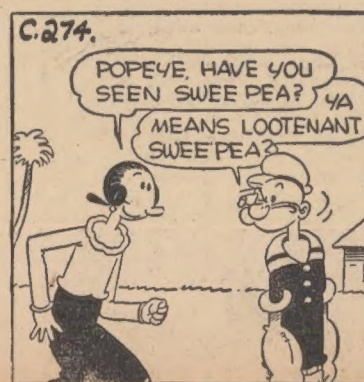
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

—445

1. Insert four consonants in *O*O*A*I and get a South American mountain.
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? **Dan dungdip goripe lpe erogige.**
3. In these four nationalities the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 6273164, 205T898060, D73164, 483975173.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 444

1. SOMERSET.
2. Small profits, quick returns.
3. German, Bulgarian, British, Scottish.
4. Ma-ry, Sad-I-e.

JANE



Ye Olde Rocketeers

By MICHAEL CLOUD

THE Battle of Kai Fung Foo was approaching its climax. The Tartar cavalry swept round the Chinese hill positions like an incoming tide. Chinese spearmen, and the bowmen with the short curved swords, were weary and ready to break.

Li San, the Chinese commander, moved forward from behind a copice a regiment of long-trousered soldiers—apparently carrying loaded sticks. The Tartars, yelling derisively, loosed against these "last reserves" a general charge of hundreds of tough horsemen. The Chinese knelt, fixed their sticks at an angle in the ground, applied fire.

A terrific discharge of rockets mowed through the enemy cavalry, screaming horses and thrashing men went down, the line wavered and broke. The decisive battle of Kai Fung Foo was won and the Tartars' invasion broken.

That is the first record of "rocket guns" in war. About 1750, the British Army

became definitely interested in Hitler's "new weapon" of 1944. General Desaguliers, after demonstrating some home-made rockets to Members of Parliament, was permitted to undertake a series of experiments at Woolwich Arsenal. These were not very successful, but towards the end of the century the rocket seemed a practical weapon, and was regularly introduced for Service use.

When Napoleon's "invasion fleet" lay at Boulogne, a 32lb. rocket of an incendiary variety was employed against it. Two main attacks were made, but without very great success. The word "Rocketeers" came into use in the British Army and Navy, and a 10lb. rocket with a range of nearly two miles was perfected.

Bigger rockets were used experimentally, fired from iron tubes laid on the ground or fixed into a ship. Seamen rocketeers wore special protective hats and tarpaulin jackets to shelter them from scorching in discharge.

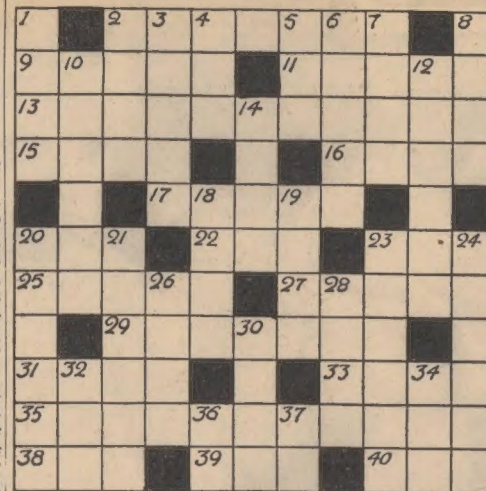
In 1809, one or two French and Belgian coastal towns were attacked with rockets from the sea, and considerable damage was done to them from resulting fires.

Rocketeer regiments were employed in the United States during the War of Independence. They were sent in the greatest secrecy so as to win the advantage of surprise. At the Battle of Bladensburg in 1814, two American regiments coming in to the attack were badly ambushed by British rocketeers and completely broken.

This turned the American flank, won us the battle, and was followed by our advance into Washington, when the Capitol was burned, together with the President's House and the Navy Yard.

In this campaign, too, the "secret weapon" was fitted aboard the British warship "Erebus," and this vessel took part in naval actions and in patrol work.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Across.
9 Mashed food.
11 Rare object.
13 Praying for another.
15 Snug shelter.
16 Edible sea-fish.
17 Gad.
20 Co'our.
22 Meadow.
23 Stuff.
25 Decree.
27 Screen from light.
29 Fowl.
31 Bird.
33 Continent.
35 Supervisors.
38 Downward curve.
39 Somerset river.
40 Lengthen.

SCRIP ATOLL

TOOTLE ARIA
OUT YIELDED
OR RAKE E
OAB BEG RUN
GILL LIEN
LET USE DUB
I TORE SO
GREASED DUN
HURT MARIAN
TENSE MEALY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Make thread.
2 Branches of learning.
3 Grinders.
4 The girl.
5 One.
6 Of healthy colour.
7 Small group.
8 Old fellow.
10 Rough.
12 Encroachment.
14 Contend equally.
18 Voice.
19 Over.
20 Souvenirs.
21 Bold.
23 Indian.
24 Lower.
26 Price.
28 Cure.
30 Foot cover.
32 Throat-wrap.
34 Bore.
36 Short railway.
37 Behold.

QUIZ for today

words except one; which is it?
—Quadrat, Quadrate, Quadra, Quadrant, Quadrate.

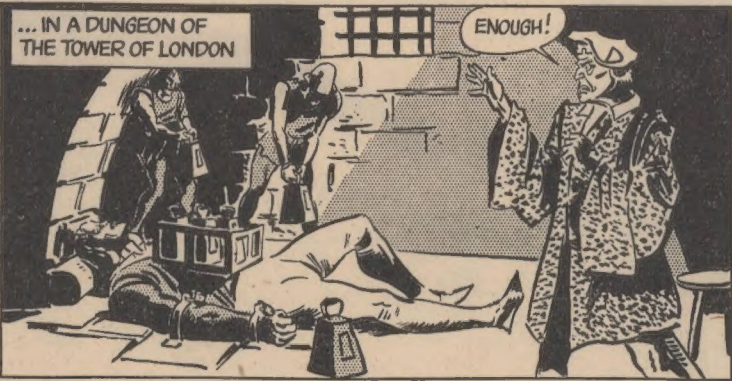
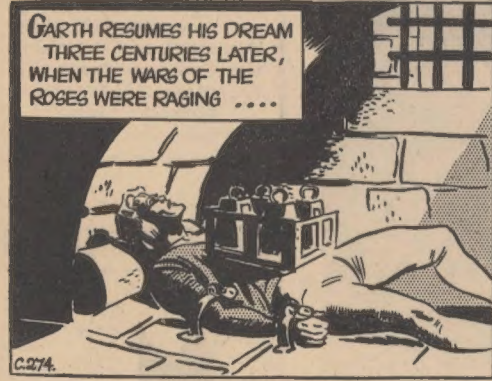
Answers to Quiz in No. 505

1. Argument.
2. Tachometer measures speeds; tachymeter is a surveying instrument.
3. Wild banana stalks.
4. James Whistler.
5. A woman having several husbands.
6. Cartilage, Synthesis.
- Answers to Mixed Doubles in No. 505.
(a) REPLY & ANSWER.
(b) PRACTICE & THEORY.

RUGGLES

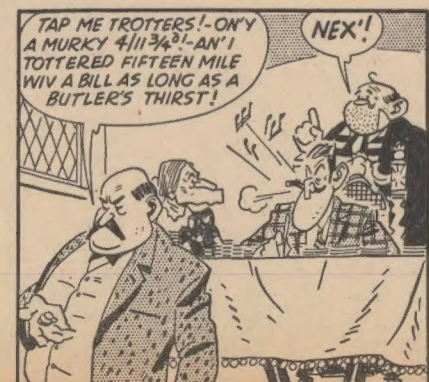


GARTH



JUST JAKE

And so, Captain Reilly-Ffoul's crew of creditors were sweetened with something on account. The squire, watched by Eric and Maida, dispensed the shekels—though, by the creditors groans—we suspect the wily Captain had secreted a cool hundred or so about his crafty person...



Sport Oddities

AS a race was starting at Shrewsbury in 1880, the horse of a mounted policeman guarding the course got out of control. The horse, a high-spirited thoroughbred, whose name has not been preserved, dashed on to the course and joined in the race. Although well behind at the start, the police horse quickly overtook the others.

The crowd roared "100 to 1 the bobby." But in a close finish the policeman was just headed by Fred Archer, the famous jockey. A collection was made on the spot and £10 given to the policeman for his consolation prize!

ONE of the oddest races ever run resulted in what was described as a "sensational" decision by the control board at Felling, New Zealand, a few years ago. A horse named Raparahara fell at the second hurdle. Club officials removed the hurdles. Meanwhile, a spectator jumped on the horse, although the winner had already reached the winning post, and rode it down the course. It was the third horse to reach the winning post, and the committee decided that the horse, having completed the course within the time limit, was entitled to third-place money!

FOR a wager you will always find someone ready to try anything that has a sporting element about it. Here are two of the oddest golf bets ever laid.

A London stockbroker was bet by a friend that he could not play a golf ball from the south side of Tower Bridge to his club in St. James's—a distance of about two miles, through London's busiest streets—in less than 2,000 strokes. The stockbroker did it in 142—he went out to the "course" very early on Sunday, when there was no traffic.

During a dense fog in 1907, John Ball was bet that he could not go round the course at Hoylake. He painted his ball jet black and went round in 81—a score many golfers would be pleased to return when they could see where they were hitting.

Alex Crack

A spell of hot summer weather sent a certain business man hurrying to his tailor. During the winter months, however, his figure had altered. No longer was he tall and slim. His tailor noticed the change, but, knowing his customer, kept a discreet silence as he took his measurements.

"About the same as last year—eh?" queried the business man.
"Oh yes, sir," replied the tailor. "Chest a bit lower, p'raps—that's all."

Good Morning



"WATER, they told me WATER! With the glass falling steadily for the last two days, with the wind backing a couple of points, they tell me to water! Haven't they any faith?"

★ **IT'S OURS, ALL OURS.**—Because three Englishmen thought that it would be a good thing if some parts of Britain should belong to all men equally—the National Trust was born. It was in 1895 that the National Trust for Places of Historical Interest or National Beauty (to give it its full title) was founded by three English philanthropists to preserve beauty spots, architectural gems and historical monuments for the public. ★ "Good Morning" is going to show you pictures of "our possessions" in following numbers. Look out for them.

BONNIE

SCOTLAND



★ "Fuse" Wilson, "Good Morning's" ace-cameraman, has opened a "Pen-Pals Bureau" on the side. Here are his first two customers. On the right, Mary Thompson; on the left, Janet Turnbull, and they both want to hear from submariners. Intentions: strictly "fun."

THIS BELONGS TO YOU

This lovely Lakeland pass of Honister leads to Buttermere, Crummock and Laveswater, where lies the largest area of England preserved by the National Trust. This beautiful stretch of country was bought with funds subscribed by the public — in other words, **IT'S YOURS.** Enjoy it!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

